

With movement like to grabbing a leaping hare the ruffian caught her hand.

"'Tis like to all other hands," she said, "then why hold it?"

"Most beautiful thing I ever saw," grunted he.

"Then is my face transcended in the beauty contest," and her eyes frolicked amusedly.

"No, thy face is like the silver moon," said Mr. Slow-wit, with effort at poesy.

"Then am I a moon-face. Dudley you wound my heart. Ah me!"

Split me, if I didn't nearly hoot aloud at her hocus-pocus and at his boorish effort to stand for a dandy. She said fol-dé-rols of his cleverness, which he took for bible truth. Then suddenly he clapped a paw on each of her soft cheeks and nearly crushed her lips with his. Lucky for Dud's jaw that I wasn't in that room!

She dangled him at her petticoats till dusk. Then:

"Oh, the night, the outlaws! They will take me. I dare not go home alone. Have yeoman you can trust with me?"

"Myself, at your service."

They rode out. Giles and my lads, in league with Sally, lying in wait, got them in Southcombe forest, with hardly a blow from Dud. To Forest inn the horses scampered, where Sally told how she had played the decoy and he had kissed her. Giles, man of my own heart, sent for the dish-wipe. She came.

"Kiss her!" yelled Giles, putting point to Dud's heart.

The wretch was made to smack as if it were delicious, while the boys roystered.

Next day Giles offered life for life, and a fair exchange of prisoners was made. Thus did Sally win me free from the noose.

THE CITY.

By Berton Braley.

There's a whole lot of bad in it,

A whole lot of good in it,

Sad things and glad in it,

Scarce understood in it.

Honor and truth in it,

Evil and lies in it,

Age and blithe youth in it,

Fool folks and wise in it.

Folks multifarious

In one locality,

Aims that are various,

Waste and frugality;

Haughty and curious,

Cruel and pitiful,

True souls and spurious—

All in a cityful.

Loving and hating much,

Working and worrying;

Wooing and mating much,

Hustling and hurrying.

Cities—oh, pharisee—

Are but the test of us,

And it is there I see

Folks like the rest of us.

The Thames river remained frozen over for nearly four months in 1683-1684.—Bring it to Chi. We'll thaw 'er out.

The MORE one thinks about SOME people the LESS one THINKS of them.